

think they have a joke on that sister, but they haven't. If any body can feed the multitude physically, it is Somerset county cooks. There are none better in the world. Our feeding the multitude at Hamlin, Kans., was the praise of all. Indeed our good sisters there excelled themselves, and deserved all the thanks they received, and I know of no better book from which to get help in this direction than the Meyersdale Cook Book. Two good books, the quarterly and the other; one for the body, the other for the soul.

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#### Holsingerisms No. 28

Being a sermon prepared for the occasion, and read at the late California Brethren Camp meeting, by sister Lois Shank, and published by request.

Text: "Thus saith the Lord. Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, We will not walk therein." Jer. 6: 16

*Dear brethren and sisters in the Lord:*—You may think it strange, that I, a radical progressive, should address you from such an old Order text. But there comes to most men, if not to all men, at some time in their lives a period, when they find themselves, unconsciously, looking backward for the most pleasant things of life. I am afraid I have reached that period in my life. That is my only apology for introducing the text which I have chosen for this occasion, if an apology is necessary for using any portion of God's word.

I frankly confess having a strong desire to address you on this camp meeting occasion. For it appears to me I can appropriate to myself the language of the Apostle to the Romans: "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved." There may be a little more selfishness in me than there was in the Apostle, but my ambition has run pretty low. However, I profess also to have a very deep concern for the welfare and prosperity of the Brethren church, not so much from any selfish considerations, I trust, as because I firmly believe, that the ascendancy of the church and the dissemination of her peculiar doctrine and practices, will tend to the improvement of society, the salvation of men and the glory of God.

The Tunker idea was conceived at a time which is called the "Philadelphian Period" in German history. I know of no time in the history of the world when the prophecy of Amos was so applicable, as to the period immediately preceding the one referred to above: "Behold the days come saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine into the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord; and they shall wander from sea to sea, and from the north even to the east—they shall run to and fro to seek the word of the Lord, and shall not find it. In that day shall the fair virgins and young men faint for thirst." Amos 8: 11-13. Think of that, ye fair young ladies and gentlemen, who think yourselves

too fine and refined to listen to the preaching of God's pure word. May you never see the fulfillment of that prophecy repeated; but wisely lay up now during the years of abundance, against the famine that may come.

I referred to the "Philadelphian Period." What do I mean by it? It is this: Philadelphia means Brotherly Love, and the church thought to exemplify the principle by adopting the name BRETHREN; and when, after the lapse of time, and, sad to say, the loss of the essence thereof, the name was discarded, the present Brethren church, a congregation of whom I am now addressing, had grace enough, thank God, to at least re-adopt the name; but it will require time and the help of the Lord to prove that she has strength to take up and magnify the principle, which is much more than a name. And such a work cannot be done in a day. It requires addition of days and graces. Let us read the rule of addition: "Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness." Now we are getting at it; but it required considerable adding before we got to brotherly love; you see it is quite a distance to Philadelphia, especially if you happen to live in the very northern part of Sodom. And then you must take the right line. You cannot go on the jumping route; some people would leap from faith right into the heaven of perfection. That is a very direct route; but it fails in its destination, and that is the main point in traveling; to get there. And so, too, it is in religion. The sure route is *via* Virtue, Knowledge, Temperance, Patience, Godliness. They are all important supply stations of essential equipments. Brethren and sisters, be sure you do not miss a single point, or when your train stops it may dump you off at the wrong depot.

This brotherly kindness is next to the best thing there is; there is only one station more on the line. That is *Charity*, and it is in the suburbs of the city, or at least, just outside the walls; but we will never get there unless we go right thru the heart of this important signal station. Any attempt to do so will be regarded as trying to climb in by some other way and we will be called thieves and robbers and will be doomed to take up our abode with them. And as we can pass over the journey of life but once, let us give special attention to some of the waymarks whereby we may be assured that we are on the sure line to heaven and eternal glory. Let us take the advice of the good prophet in my text: "Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, that we may find rest for our souls."

I hope we have all passed thru the beautiful city of Virtue with its clean, well lighted streets and ventilated buildings. And the town of Knowledge with her broad avenues and temples of light, built up on either side by walls of books of learning and towers of truth; and that you have all stopped over in

the village of Temperance long enough to have become thoroughly inured to the grace of total abstinence, so that you need not and will not touch, taste or handle any unclean thing.

But brethren, there are a few way stations at which many good preachers never get off, of which I wish to speak. So many preachers travel on fast trains that stop only at the eating and watering stations, and ride in the buffet coaches and are so tired of the long journey that they just cannot even put their hand out of the window to shake hands with the poor people who would feel honored to touch the hem of the garment of a really great, good minister of the gospel: some have assured me that so small a favor as that actually "did them good." One of those places is called Family Worship. Brethren, have you all stopped off at this little town? You don't need to raise your hand. It might cause those who have *not* to feel lonely. But let us look and see what it is like anyway. Only the local and slowest trains stop here: but there is a tremendous traffi: in the substantial and industrial products of the Christian life; and the hum of the wheels of Christian industry are heard night and day. Here are located large electric works, which supply the iron nerves of the Christian brotherhood with the currents that keep up the vibration of love in human hearts and over which the Lord God sends out his messages of peace to the soul. In speaking to one of our old young sisters the other day on this subject, we happened to refer to our experience back in our home life. It happened that both our fathers were ministers. Nevertheless it happened too that both of us had been a little wild in our time, but our hearts warmed and our eyes moistened as we repeated some of the familiar old hymns that father used to line and mother lead and we all helped to sing around the family altar as we gathered in the sitting room of the old homestead. Sometimes it was:

"Thus far the Lord has brought me on,  
Thus far his power prolonged my days,  
And every morning shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I perhaps am near my home;  
But He forgives my follies past,  
And gives me strength for days to come."

Or in the evening we sang,

"The day is past and gone;  
The evening shades appear,  
O may we all remember well,  
The night of death draws near!

I wish you could understand it, I'd love to quote you a few stanzas of those soul-stirring German hymns we used to sing. They would do you good as they did us.

Oh, brethren, this is not just such a lively town, but it has so much solid comfort and so many lasting and enervating recreations which are good for yourselves and your children. And they can be made quite enjoyable too, if you have a mind to enjoy something good. As an honest Free-mason said to me once in discussing this subject: "It